

Happy Land



How the First Thanksgiving Was Celebrated

IT WAS over 300 years ago that the first Thanksgiving feast, or "Harvest Home," as it was called, was observed. Those of you who are old enough to have studied history have read stories of these early days. After prayer and fasting and then a farewell feast, our Pilgrim fathers left the city of Leyden in Holland to find a home in a new and strange land. Their trip across the ocean was so very hard that when they sighted a new world the hearts of these brave Pilgrims were filled with prayer and thanksgiving.

When they had struggled ashore, first of all they fell upon their knees and gave thanks to God for their safe voyage. Thereafter it was always their first thought when protected from danger or given greater strength to meet the trials of their new life, "to give God solemn thanks and praise," as they called it.

Their first winter in the new world proved a hard one for the little colony of Pilgrims and hunger and illness took many. How happy they were when at last the long winter wore away and with the coming of the spring of 1621 they could sow their seeds. Needing food as they did, cannot you imagine how eagerly they watched their crops and how they prayed for the protection of the coming harvest? How they felt when at last the summer of work, prayer and watching was over and they saw their reward in a rich harvest? The world had never seemed so fair to them, not even in the old days in Holland and England. Gold brown and scarlet were the woods and full of game of all kinds. There had been plenty of warm sunshine and showers and the tiny farms of the colonists were ready for a rich harvest.

Their hearts were overflowing with gratitude. They tried to show it by devoting a whole week to having what was known as the first Harvest Home in New England. Many Indians came to see their sports and good times. For three days the Pilgrims entertained one of the great Indian chiefs and 90 of his braves. The Indians went into the woods and killed deer for gifts to the governor, the captain and others who had been kind to them.

It was a wonderful merry-making when they feasted on oysters, fish, wild turkey, Indian maize and barley bread, geese, ducks, venison and other meats. They needed no other music than the clatter of spoons and forks on the pewter plates. Can you not see the good housewives with kettles and skillets preparing the great feasts day after day? They also had onions, parsnips, carrots, beets, as well as melons and wild grapes.

Their hospitality to their Indian guests made the Indians friendly to them. Laying aside their work and taking time to give thanks and rejoice and share with the Indians their bountiful harvests was the best possible way of proving their own gratitude for their blessings. This was the beginning of many years of Thanksgivings to follow.

Just to think of ourselves on Thanksgiving is not enough. Our hearts should be full of gratitude for all the good that has come to us since last Thanksgiving. And now to each and all of you may Thanksgiving of 1923 prove the best one is the wish of

Happy



Some of our little cousins are coming to spend Thanksgiving. I am trying to help mother and Polly this week by making Indian masks for the children to use in their Thanksgiving games. They always have such fun playing with false faces. I am making them of very strong brown wrapping paper. Fold it once and trace on it the half pattern of the face in the center line along the folded edge above it. Then draw half of the head-dress.



Cut through the folded line to make the nose and mouth openings. Cut out shape of head crowned with feathers and the mouth and nose openings. Cut out only enough of the eyes to see through.

Now open your mask and draw on the blank half the other features, eye, hair and ornament. Use crayon, water colors and little red paint. Paste a band on the underside at top and bottom to fasten the mask about the head. May all the Go-Hawks have the best Thanksgiving they have ever had is the wish of their friend.

PETER.



You never can imagine what I am going to make for Thanksgiving. I am going to try my luck with it the forenoon before Thanksgiving, then mother said we could serve them at the close of our Thanksgiving dinner. We are going to have a family dinner with eight here. Peter and I think it is lots of fun.

Thanksgiving Mints.

Four cups of sugar, one-fourth teaspoon cream of tartar, one-half cup boiling water, one-half teaspoon vinegar. Let this boil rapidly until it is brittle when you drop a little from a spoon into cold water. Pour on a buttered platter. When about ready to pull, add two drops of oil of peppermint. Pull until white, then cut off in small pieces. Shake powdered sugar over it and put into a covered pan for an hour and a half.

Peter is sure these will be just the things to "top off," as he expresses it, his Thanksgiving dinner.

POLLY.

Opie Daubs of Glenn, Mo., always feels lonesome on Sunday if they do not get the paper so she can have the Happyland page to read.

Coupon for Happy Tribe.

Every boy and girl reader of this paper who wishes to join the Go-Hawks Happy Tribe, of which James Whitcomb Riley was the first Big Chief, can secure his official button by sending a 2-cent stamp with your name, age and address with this coupon. Address your letter to "Happy," care this paper. Over 90,000 members!

Motto

"To Make the World a Happier Place."

Pledge

"I promise to help some one every day. I will try to protect the birds and all dumb animals."

Told in The Children's Museum

A Shell's Own Story

Did you know that I was made in the ocean and that every once in a while the animal who lived inside me added a room to his house, moved in, sealed up the door of the old room behind him and never went back again? He really couldn't go back, even if he wanted to, for the old room would not have been large enough for him. This is the reason he had to keep building on me as he outgrew his old home. He was an aristocratic gentleman in his tastes, for he made me always of pearl.

Can you guess his name? I'll tell you. It was Chambered Nautilus. I am the pearly house he made for himself in which to dwell. Most of his life he spent way down in the sea. He lived in warm, tropical waters, where, carrying me on his back, he chased the crabs in and out among the coral, for they were his food.

When his life was almost over,

then I floated up to the top of the water, because my beautiful sealed up rooms are full of a gas-like air. Looking at my pearly dress, you would never know how many years it took to make me, because my builder always added his new rooms in a spiral around the old ones. Perhaps you will laugh when I tell you that the animal himself apart from me looked like a cauliflower sticking out through my doorway.

Even so, he was such a good carpenter that Oliver Wendell Holmes loved to think about his fine work as I sat on his desk. And so, one day he made known to all the English-speaking people my beauty and the patience of the animal who built me, in his poem, "The Chambered Nautilus."

Today I, the very shell, which caused him to write this poem, is in a case in the Children's Museum together with some other very beautiful shells. Every day children from all over the world come to see me and admire my many-colored coat. I am glad, and I hope every one of you who read my little story will come to see me some day.

WEATHER

Will Rain Turkeys and Ducks
All Week in Happyland.



Hello, everybody. Today I am going to give you some Thanksgiving fun. The following mixed words are the names of the things we all like to have at our Thanksgiving dinner. Arrange the letters in their proper order and see what you will find.

1. Ketyur.
2. Rebriseearn.
3. Suth.
4. Sinarsi.
5. Nipmupk Eip.
6. Cei Mreac.

Katherine Bright of St. Louis, Mo., spends her summers at their camp at Sugar Creek, so has a very good chance to be kind to dumb animals.

THE SINGING DELL



A BIRD'S THANKSGIVING

By HAPPY.

I'M NOT so very big and tall
And it is cold up in my tree;
The leaves are gone and over all
The wind is blowing snow on me.
I'm hungry, too, and cannot find
Enough on which a bird may feed,
But there are children who are kind
And scatter crumbs for birds in need.
I must give thanks because I know
They'll not forget the songs I sing.
When summer winds so softly blow,
They love the message that I bring.



UNCLE PETER HEATHEN

SYNOPSIS.

Uncle Peter comes to live at the home of the Trevellin twins, Prudence and Patience. Because he is lonely, the twins, with three of their girl friends, form a missionary society and adopt him as their "heathen." Each girl looks after some part of his welfare and they have great fun with him. Jack and Donald are so impressed with the work of the missionaries that they open a settlement house in Donald's home (his parents being away), giving free baths to poor boys. With the help of the twins, they also start a day nursery. The twins have a hard day taking care of seven babies borrowed from neighboring poor families and are delighted when Uncle Peter arrives. They explain what they have been doing, and as the big sisters of the babies have not come for them as promised, Uncle Peter suggests taking the youngsters home. Jack and Donald have been having their troubles, too, as the last free bath guest broke the shower in the bathroom. They do not feel very cheerful either about assisting the girls in carrying the babies home.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

(Continued from Last Sunday.)

Donald's face flushed. He was tired and cross. "You needn't get so hot about it! I'll carry one, of course, but I don't see why those people can't come for their own babies after we've taken care of them and fed 'em, too."

"I don't either, but they haven't and so we must take them home."

Anyway, we've proved we could have a settlement house and that is something. Some folks never do anything they say they are going to."

"Well, Donald, I think you boys must have been having an interesting time trying to help others," was Uncle Peter's pleasant greeting when they joined the group on the lawn. He spoke so cheerily that Donald's face cleared.

We have to give it all up now for they busted the shower. We've been running a week though," Donald was proud of the fact.

"You can give a lot of baths in a week," Uncle Peter's voice expressed never a hint of disapprobation as he concluded briskly, "It is

growing so late that these babies must be taken home.

"Shall we put Larry with Patrick and Nora in the wheelbarrow?" asked Jack.

"Mercy, no! They would knock each other out. I don't know what's the matter but they scratch at each other if they get anywhere near together," hastily interposed Prudence. "I think I'd better carry Nora, and Jack can take Larry because he's sort of used to him now. Donald can take Patrick, and perhaps Uncle Peter and Patience can manage the rest in the wheelbarrow."

"Hain't we better go the back way?" Donald was still a little nervous over the unusual situation.

Uncle Peter looked at him keenly. "Oh, I think not. The pavement this way will be so much easier for me to wheel the babies."

CHAPTER XIV.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown's Unexpected Return.

While Jack and Donald had visions of more worlds to conquer and the twins' rest was disturbed by dreams of ailing infants, Mr. and Mrs. Brown were having a most interesting time. They returned sooner than they expected and concluded they would go direct to the house and not see Donald before morning.

"How good it seems to be at home once more," and Mr. Brown gave a sigh of contentment as the car turned into the driveway. "I am positive about the first thing I want to do is to take a good plunge and shower, even if it is late." (Copyright by David McKay. All rights reserved. Printed by permission and special arrangements with David McKay Publishing company.)

(Continued Next Sunday.)



One evening Maxine went with her uncle to the drug store to get some ice cream. She wanted an ice cream cone, but her uncle ordered it in a dish. "Oh, uncle," Maxine said disappointedly. "I don't want my ice cream in a dish. I want it in a sack so I may eat the sack."

Another Way to Be a Good Go-Hawk

A good Go-Hawk is very grateful on Thanksgiving day for the good things that have come to him. Just think how many they are: his parents, his home, his friends and good times and perhaps you can add some others, too. So, remember this way to be a good Go-Hawk.